

The Mystery of What Has Been

Tune: Gift of Love (#34 in *Singing the Living Tradition*)

How trace the hours that make a life,
That build a work from day to day:
The thought, the love, the hope, the strife,
A richer tale than words can say?

How tell the truths that time unfolds:
The thousand lives met face to face,
The secret heart and all it holds,
The deep surprise of grief and grace.

So meaning grows year after year,
Like spreading branch and deepening root:
Too slow to see, and yet appear
The soothing shade, the savory fruit.

We look ahead to unknown days,
In hope and fear new tales begin,
But wonder at and, wondering, praise
The mystery of what has been.

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